

# *The Student's Pen*

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VOL. V

NO. 3

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**Merry Christmas**

**PITTSFIELD HIGH SCHOOL**



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**Christmas Issue December, 1919**

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*Crane's Linen Lawn*  
THE CORRECT WRITING PAPER

**The GIFT of GIFTS**

TRUE, we have many delightful things to show you for Christmas giving some that are merely beautiful, some that are really useful, and some that are both. Asked to name the most attractive and useful gift for the gentlewoman, we should be compelled to give precedence to CRANE'S LINEN LAWN—The Gift of Gifts. This fine stationery, in artistically decorated gift boxes, has all the virtues of the ideal gift—Beauty, Correctness, Usefulness—and it is always acceptable even if duplicated.

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ELABORATE BOXES FOR THOSE TO WHOM A MORE PRETENTIOUS GIFT IS FITTING.

Eaton, Crane & Pike Co.

New York Pittsfield

*"The Pen is mightier than the Sword"*

# The Student's Pen

FOUNDED 1893

Published Monthly By The Students Of The Pittsfield High School  
 Pittsfield, Massachusetts

CHRISTMAS ISSUE

DECEMBER. 1919

VOL. V. NO. 3

STAFF

<i>Editor-in-Chief</i> .....	John T. Power '20
<i>Literary Editor</i> .....	Eleanor C. Ryan '20
<i>Athletic Editor</i> .....	Frank Mangan '21
<i>Joke Editor</i> .....	Arline Bates '21
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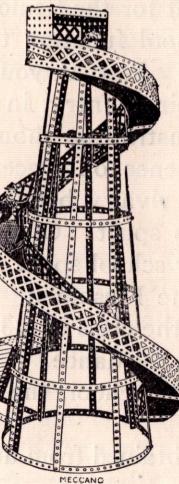
Henry Barber  
 John Connors  
 Minerva Gardiner

John Germain  
 Ruth Hunt  
 Arthur Rosenbaum

Maurice Levy  
 John Sullivan  
 C. H. Wheeler

## M E C C A N O

*The Kind of Toy for an Ingenious Boy*



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Meccano teaches him how to build cranes, derricks, bridges, towers, trains, motor trucks, army tanks, submarines, ships, lathes, printing presses and hundreds of other thing.

Nothing nicer to give a boy for Chrishmas than a set of Meccano. Call and see them in our Toy Dept. Basement.

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## EDITORIAL

## A New High School

The people of Pittsfield have been talking about a new high school. We will get a new high school. But whether we get it now or in twenty years from now depends entirely on the student body. There is no doubt that we need a new high school but how is Pittsfield to be made to realize it? We, the student body, must make Pittsfield realize it. There are over nine hundred students in the school and, in my opinion, nine hundred young men and women can exert no little influence upon the city. Let us bring the idea of a new high school permanently before the citizens of Pittsfield. Let us talk about a new high school. Let us make the people believe that we need a new high school. Let every student, senior, junior, sophomore, and freshman make it his duty to work for a new high school. If we do this, we cannot fail.

B. W. '20

## Allegiance

"I pledge allegiance to my flag"—etc. How often we have repeated that line while saluting the Stars and Stripes. Let all the P. H. S. students substitute the word "school" for "flag" and make this their motto: "I pledge allegiance to my school," and straightway purchase a ticket for the Senior Dance.

Prove by your attendance at this important school function that your allegiance to your school is not an abstract quality! Just as your fathers bought Liberty Bonds to show their allegiance to their country, in the same manner every student of this illustrious educational institution should buy a ticket and grace the Masonic Temple by their presence on December 26.

Let the Juniors and Sophomores start a friendly rivalry between themselves in order to see which class has the more class spirit. Of course the Seniors need no contest to urge them on because their school spirit as a class is one hundred per cent. Last but not least, come the Freshmen. I do not doubt but that there are many ambitious members of the class of '23 who will surprise the upper classmen by their large attendance at the dance.

Come on! Everyone prove your allegiance to your school, the Pittsfield High School, by attending the Senior Dance.

P. S. Tickets for this noteworthy event may be obtained from any Senior A. pupil.

Eleanor C. Ryan '20

## The Functions of a School Paper

There are two main functions connected with a school paper. The first is to introduce the school and "school spirit" to the lower classmen. By the time a person becomes a Senior, he ought to have an ample supply of "school-spirit" stored up within him. That spirit, which is the very essence of the school itself, must be imparted to the lower-classmen, especially the Freshmen. The first year students seem every year to be a little younger and less interested in the school and the things which are carried on within the school. The question is: "how is that 'spirit' to be imparted to the Freshmen?" The answer is: "By the school organ!" The best way to educate the lower classes of Pittsfield high school is by putting into their hands a "Student's Pen" in which every other word rings with "school spirit." If this happens, instead of having one hundred and fifty out to games you will have three hundred and fifty and more. In a school of this size, there ought to be five hundred out to every single game in which our team participates.

The second purpose of the school paper is to represent the school. Invariably a school organ has a number of mutual exchanges. You judge the schools by the papers which you receive from them; a paper without life represents a school without life or enthusiasm. Even so others judge Pittsfield High by the life or lack of life presented in the Student's Pen. You will probably say that the value of the school paper depends entirely upon the editors, but there you are wrong. To be sure the staff is your representative but without your wholehearted cooperation it is absolutely helpless.

That is the reason for my former statement that the school paper represents the temper and character of the school. The paper is put out by the school as a whole. In closing I would like to ask you to ask yourselves frankly this question: "Am I making the Student's Pen a worthy representative of the temper and character of Pittsfield High?"

M. E. Levy, P. G.

## Editorial Note

With this issue of the Student's Pen, we lose a member of the staff—Miss Claire MacIntyre, Assistant Business Manager. Miss MacIntyre has proved to be a very valuable assistant to John Hopper, the business manager. Her loss is keenly felt both by the members of the staff and also by her friends and acquaintances in the high school. Miss MacIntyre has moved to Springfield, Mass., and is attending Technical High School in that city.

Thomas Killian who formerly had charge of the comic end of the paper has been transferred to the business department, as an assistant to Manager Hopper. Miss Arline Bates, who has taken Killian's place, is proving to be an active and valuable asset to the Pen.

## LITERARY

## The Years Roll On

The years roll on, too soon we find  
Our High School days are o'er.  
The scenes we've known,  
The friends we've loved,  
Are gone to come no more.

But in the shrine of Memory,  
We'll hold and cherish nigh  
The recollections fond of those  
Dear days at Pittsfield High.

The years roll on, to man's estate  
From youthful stage we pass.  
Then life's stern duties bind us round,  
And doubts and cares harass.

But God will guard thru storms and give  
The strength without a sigh,  
And treasure o'er the lessons learned  
Of old at Pittsfield High.

Henry L. Barber '21

(With apologies to Ralph Henry Barbour)

## "At the Movies"

The heroine has been captured by a band of ruffians. Her terrified heavily-lashed eyes gaze pleadingly from one to another of the vicious crew, She—

Small Voice Behind You: "What does she say mamma? What does she say? What-does-she-say? Whatdoesshesay? Wha—" Mother—"For goodness' sake!" She says: "Is there no one here who will have manhood enough to release me?"

Another Voice: "Is-there-no-one-here-who-will-have-manhood-enough-to-re-lease-me?"

Small Voice. "Now, what does she say? Why does she say that? Why? Why? Why does she say that mamma? Why-does-she—" Mother—"Because Now be still."

Loud Voice. "My-father-will-see-that-you-are-punished!"

Another Voice. "My father will see that you are punished!"

Still Another Voice. "My father will see that you are punished!"

First Voice.—"Oh! here's where we came in—don't you remember, pretty soon the big man comes riding up and shoots the villain and carries the girl away?"

The owner of this voice rises and nearly takes all your back hair and a piece of your scalp along with the pin holding her flowers. She also stabs you in the back with the handle of her umbrella and her escort gives you a neat crack with his elbow.

For a moment, peace. Then:

Small Voice—"What does he say now, mamma? What does he say?"

Mother—He says "I will have revenge!" Small Voice: "What will he have that for mamma? What? Why? Mamma! Why?"

A large person in front of you stands and arranges her hat taking her own sweet time, and when she departs the hero is having a deadly combat with a lion. What events lead up to this you know not.

A person with very sharp knees digs his way past you, and sits down on your lady friend's hat, which you have laid on the seat beside you, and then glares just because a hat pin was left in it, without even apologizing for mashing a perfectly good hat.

This calamity forgotten, you behold the hero with a noose about his neck.

A Voice—"Oh! You don't suppose he will be hung, do you? Oh! How perfectly terrible? Why doesn't someone come to rescue him?"

Another Voice—"Oh, they wont hang him. I've seen this play before. Just at the stroke of the hour—"

Small Voice—"What are they doing now mamma? What mamma? Why do they do that? Why? Why?"

The person with sharp knees begins cracking peanuts with vim and strewing the shells over your lap. A giddy youth, reeking with ten-cents-a-pint perfume, who sits on the other side of your aforesaid friend sneezes; and you wonder absently if he has pneumonia and if you will catch it.

The hero has been rescued and the missing documents found when suddenly—The child in front of you reaches for your nose but is forestalled by his paternal parent. Finally you see the screen again, then the "fillum" busts and—

That child—oh he is a determined child, indeed—has grabbed your nose at last. Having captured it, he wearis of the game, and to your relief settles down ag ain. You rub your nose and watch the hero and the heroine embrace. This is where you came in but you want to wait for the final close-up, the one where they stand silhouetted against the midnight sky.

The child in front begins to wail—

You leave.

John Germain

**Trials of a Soph.**

Were you ever, I wonder, a Sophomore,  
Of that class that is pestered to death?  
With theorems, debates and lectures galore,  
Were you weary, and gasping for breath?

Our troubles and trials are many, you know,  
From the minute we enter our class;  
We must grind away and no weakness show,  
In order that we may pass.

Take English, for instance, what book's left unread?  
What subject was not a debate?  
The rules in the grammar that aren't in our heads,  
And rules that are too out-of-date!

Now in French, do you know how to say "Parlez-vous?"  
Are you sure you know what it means,  
Can you wiggle your tongue around a pesky "French U"  
When you're trying to say the "La plume"?

For Latin (it's Caesar) no snap I will say,  
Declensions of all kinds are there,  
And but for the notes that show us the way,  
Our translations would surely be rare.

And just 'cause I mention Geometry last,  
Don't get the mistaken idea  
It's easy; for all in the Sophomore class,  
Fairly shiver with dread and with fear.

John F. Sullivan

**The Triple Pursuit**

Darkness was approaching with great speed on this cold, wintry evening. The snow was falling and the frozen ground already held a foot or more of the soft white substance. The wind shrieked and moaned, and whirled the descending snow flakes all about the surrounding country, while the very arc lights on the street corners seemed to give up their fight for existence, and darkness prevailed. Even the giant elms trees in the gloom of the night seemed to cry out as though in dreadful agony.

Glad that he was not out on such a night, Frank Fenton closed the door of his home from which he had been watching the storm, and returned to his

school work. Frank was a Sophomore, so you may be sure he had "some work" to do.

"Frank," exclaimed Mrs. Fenton. "I do wish you'd shovel off the veranda. It gets full of snow if you let it go!" He therefore donned his great coat and hat preparatory to the task ahead of him.

"Well, Aunt Bessie ought to be nearing the railroad station by this time," commented Frank.

"Yes, I hope she reaches home safely," replied the boy's mother.

The large door opened, and the dark night swallowed him, and the door closed. Whistling to himself, Frank applied himself to his task. However something caught his eye as he began shovelling. It was quite easily seen, as the snow was white and it was black. Frank's heart bounded and the shovel dropped. Where had he seen that object before! Picking it up and holding it with a bit of suspicion, he opened the door and carried it in.

"Look what I found out on the veranda!" he cried.

"What is it?" asked Mr. Fenton, not much interested.

"Why!" ejaculated Mrs. Fenton. "A pocketbook! How could it have come upon our veranda?"

"A pocketbook!" repeated Frank's father. "Open it, and see what's in it."

Frank immediately followed this helpful suggestion from his father, and displayed to both parents the contents. There was a roll of bills, change of all denominations, a door-key, and a name-card bearing the name "Bessie Cameron."

"Good heavens!" cried Mrs. Fenton. "Your aunt's purse!"

"And her door-key!" added Mr. Fenton, heightening the dismay. Frank stood and watched, open-mouthed and bewildered. His favorite aunt, who was young and very pleasant, had been spending a week at his home. On this stormy night she had left early for the railroad station and had lost her purse in which was her money and key. The situation was perplexing. Right now his aunt was probably waiting in the station, and would not discover her loss until it was too late.

"Well, Frank, you'd better run up to the station as fast as you can. It's too bad the trolley cars aren't running," said his mother.

Frank took the pocketbook and once more the door opened, and once more it closed. Running down the path Frank started out on his important journey.

"Oh! Why couldn't the people shovel their walks once in a while! he exclaimed tramping through the snow, which was, by this time, very deep.

In the dark winter night travel was not what could be termed as easy. Frank who was a good walker, was quickly fatigued, but it rested on him as to whether his aunt should be kept back a day. With this inspiration, Frank waddled with new energy through drifts of snow, which were supposed to be sidewalks!

"At last," groaned Frank, seeing the lights of the main street not far

ahead. Once more his steps quickened, and the railroad station was soon in sight. A man passed Frank all bundled up. A fur cap, a fur coat, fur gloves, and even then he appeared to be cold. Frank, in spite of the situation dropped a laugh. "Cold! I forgot how close to zero the mercury is!"

The station at last! Its numerous bright lights seemed exceedingly attractive to Frank as he approached the large building. In fact, the lights seemed to welcome him with a friendly smile. Frank went in.

"Well! That's funny!" he exclaimed after spending a few minutes in vain trying to locate his aunt. The station was not crowded, for the train had not arrived yet (by many minutes) and he could have located her if she were there to be located!

A friend of his was in the ticket office and Frank went up to him.

"Hello, Bill! Have you seen my aunt around here?"

"You mean the one you called Bessie?" asked Bill.

"That's it!" replied Frank.

"Well, she was here about five minutes ago. Then she went out. After that I don't know what became of her. I think it was your aunt, although I wouldn't swear to it!"

"Then as you are not sure, I guess I'll run upstairs to the platform and see if she's up there," answered Frank, and he started.

Now it must be said here that the subway in the Hermville railroad station was uncommonly narrow, and a few days before this wintry night, the committeemen resolved to prohibit the use of it except for persons coming from trains. Persons going to trains were asked to use the outside stairs.

But Frank had forgotten this rule, rushed through the subway, ascended the narrow stairs. A hurried glance told him that his aunt was not there. However, a policeman was there, and he yelled to Frank. Then the officer, seemingly angry, started for Frank. Down the subway stairs they ran, Frank in the lead. Out of the station they ran, and Frank chose the way that he thought his aunt was most likely to have gone. It was the opposite direction from his home.

Looking back he saw a dark form still following him, and his steps quickened. He remembered that Hermville was very strict in regard to the obedience of laws, and he did not doubt that the policeman was till pursuing him.

"Whew!" he muttered as he hid behind a huge tree. "I-guess-I've-got time to rest a minute. I'm glad I had sense enough to run this way. I've hear Bessie say that she always makes better connections when she gets on at Barville. Let's see! That's just about a mile from here. Probably Bessie saw all the time she had and decided to walk to Barville and get on there." He felt of the pocket where the pocketbook was, and it was safe, much to his relief.

Just then the dark object appeared again, and to Frank's alarm was very close to him. For two important reasons he did not want the policemen to get him. First, he wanted to deliver the pocketbook, and second, he did not

want to feel the "hand of the law". He started from his hiding place and ran forward.

"Come back here!" yelled the officer, running. "I'll teach you not to run from a policeman.

"Toot! Toot!" It was the whistle of the train at Jackson's crossing, just one mile north of Hermville. Frank was alarmed. He had to make Barville in a very few minutes, and this was next to impossible in such weather!

"Gosh! I'll-never-be-able-to-go-to-school-tomorrow," he panted, still hurrying through the snow.

The pursuing policeman came closer and Frank tried his best to lengthen the distance between himself and his pursuer. He turned the situation over in his mind. Here was a queer case. His aunt was in pursuit of the train, he was in pursuit of his aunt, and the angry policeman was in pursuit of him, a triple pursuit.

Loud and clear on the cold night air the whistle sounded once more. Frank's heart sank. "It's in Hermville! Oh, why didn't Bessie stay there and get the train!"

"Hey!" from behind him. Although the snow was lightly falling he could make out the pursuing policeman. Frank ran forward.

"Come back here!" yelled the officer of the law.

Frank had reached the top of Harris Hill and he could see the lights of Barville in the distance. Drawing a long breath he plunged forward once more. A moment later his angry follower also reached the top. The chase was telling on him, but he bravely kept on; it's all in the training of a policeman.

"He must have got hold of something stronger than root beer the way he's chasing me," muttered Frank between gritted teeth. "Anyway I don't see why he should care to chase me about a mile for making a mistake!"

"TOOT!" not far away!

"The final spurt!" exclaimed the carrier of the pocketbook, and he was off at a very brisk pace. But if he quickened his steps, so did the officer, and a watcher (of whom there were none) could have easily noticed the gain. Panting and puffing Frank approached his destination, panting and puffing the policeman neared his destination.

Once more the locomotive whistle sounded. Barville was close by! Frank remembered with much relief that the station was on the side of the town he was entering.

At last! The station was only twenty feet away! The train had just "pulled in." A pair of strong arms grabbed Frank. "Let me go!" he screamed. "I've got to go inside!"

"No! Not this time!" replied the officer.

"Hurry! Before the train leaves!" yelled Frank.

With a loud whistle the train was off! Frank was thunderstruck! Weren't the police always blundering!

"Hermville please!" called the policeman to a taxi driver, who managed to keep his business in spite of the weather.

Pushing Frank in ahead of him the policeman got in, closing the door after him. They were soon off. "My lad," said the officer. "I'm sorry for you, and I wouldn't have chased you except for the money."

Frank did not answer. Were they even offering a reward for him just for making a mistake! That seemed queer, but queer things often happen.

It did not seem long before the auto came to a stop.

"There!" announced the policeman. "You are safe at your own front door, and safe too!"

"What!" began Frnak, but just then the door of the cottage opened and lo! of all the wonders, of the world! There was his favorite aunt, Bessie, standing in his own door! Mr. Fenton stepped into a corner with the awful officer, and the latter went away with a happy look on his face. (Probably there was money in the matter, who knows?)

After many confused questions and answers, the whole story made itself clear to Frank. His aunt, upon reaching the station and finding her purse gone, decided to return to the Fentons, but she chose a side street which ran parallel to the street Frank used, as it was considerably shorter than the main street. That showed why Frank had not met her as he was going to the station.

"But the policeman?" asked Frank, still perplexed.

"Why, when Bessie arrived here I telephoned the railroad station and told them to put a policeman 'on your trail' so to speak, and you led the poor fellow a terrible chase," answered Mrs. Fenton.

"A triple pursuit I guess," laughed Bessie. The last thread of gloom was removed when Frank's favorite aunt decided to stay over Christmas, which was nearly a week's time distant.

Midnight approached. The snow by this late hour was deep on the surface of Mother Earth. The wind once more howled and shrieked, as though it, too, had been led on a fruitless chase and was now moaning over its loss. Still did the snow fall, hiding every foot-print 'neath its blanket of softness. Many and many a tale may be woven on such a night! Tales of fun, and tales of grief, but as once more the wind moaned and the snow fell faster Frank lost hold of consciousness and it all seemed exceedingly cheerful as—he—went—to—sleep.

John J. Connors '23

## THE SENIOR CLASS

P. H. S.

## ANNOUNCES ITS DANCE

TO BE HELD

FRIDAY EVENING

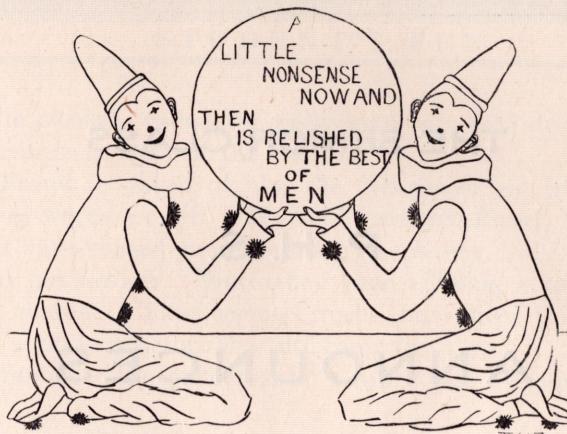
DECEMBER TWENTY-SIXTH

1919

WE EARNESTLY REQUEST  
YOUR PRESENCE

### TICKETS

ADMITTING COUPLE \$1.50  
ADMITTING ONE \$1.00



When the Jokes of this column are azure in hue  
Just remember it's hard work to make them.  
If you don't like them, then, the joke is on you  
For you didn't help us to obtain them.

Ask Scully '21 from which regions the angels come.

Senior B in English "A crown is something a king wears."  
Mr. C. "What on, his feet?"

For some reason Bates '21 couldn't give his oral speech the other Monday. Could it have been the new shoes, Ernie?

#### Such is Life

- A little girl —
- A movie show —
- A dancing hall —
- A kiss or two —
- A little ring —
- A wedding plate —
- A rolling pin —
- He got home late —

Clif. H. '21: "Say, can you tell me why people laugh in their sleeves?"  
Bill S.: "I s'pose its because their funny bone is there."

It is reported that there is great rivalry among some of the Seniors in room 16, period 6 to see which one can give the most perfect imitation of grammar school behavior.

To extinguish=to put out. We wonder if Gleason '21 still extinguishes his cat at night.

#### Una Anecdota

Un a mujer geieando un tropel de burros pasa delante de una escuela ala hora enque salen los alumnos de las clases. Algunos muchachos gritan a la mujer:—Buenos dias, madre de borricos.—Buen os dias, hijos mios—contesta ell a.

Olson: "From whom did Warren get his commission, the Government?"  
Hunt: "Where did you think he got it, from the Ladies' Aide?"

Maybe our jokes are dry, but then, dryness has been a prevailing quality since July 1st.

If the other fellow had weighed twice as much as Kittridge, who would have picked up the pie?

Le Barron '22 (giving three minute speech) "In . . . . Pittsfield . . . . there . . . ."

Mr. Hayes: "Come on, hurry up, you remind me of a 'Ford' on a cold morning."

Soph.: "If a hen laid an orange, what would the chicken say?"  
Junior "Oh look at the orange marmalade"

"Ernest," said the teacher, "tell what you can about the Mongolian race."  
"I wasn't there," explained Ernest hastily, "I went to the football game."

#### Definition of a Kiss

According to Noah Webster, to kiss is to salute with the lips; but then, Noah always did contrive to peep behind the times.

The following definition comes from a new source book, one not yet given to the public.

To begin with, kiss is a noun, though used as a conjunction. It is rather more common than proper. It rarely declined. It is not very singular and is mostly used in the plural, agreeing with me and often with you.

Ex.

---

Senior Dance and Stylish Clothes  
go together.

If you go to one you will need the other.

JAMES J. PENDER & CO.  
STYLISH CLOTHES      LOWEST PRICES

To the Young Ladies and Gentlemen  
of the Pittsfield High,  
and to their many friends

A Merry Christmas and a Joyful New Year  
New York Store

**A Wise Little Mouse**

A whiskey-keg in a cellar lay,  
Full of Kentucky Pride.  
It sprung a tiny leak one day,  
The booze dripped from its side.  
A little mouse in that cellar dwelt,  
And wise as you might know,  
For an old gray cat patrolled that house,  
And hunted him high and low.  
For he was a timid, shy little mouse,  
And wise as he could be,  
And he sniffed the air and said as he sniffed,  
"That stuff smells good to me."  
Then he stole to the keg, and took one taste,  
And he smacked his lips in glee,  
And he said, "when that stuff goes to waste,  
It seems like a shame to me."  
Then with one more taste and with one more grin,  
His bristles stood straight out,  
And he straightened up and wiped his chin,  
And you should have heard him shout,  
"I never did feel like this before,  
You can bet your boots on that,  
Just wait 'till I take one swallow more,  
Then bring on your darned old cat."

C. H. Wheeler '21

Un Jour Napoleon dit a sa femme Josephine: "Savez-vous la difference entre un miroir et une femme?—Non, dit Josephine, Je ne sais pas—Eh bien! dit Napoleon un miroir reflechit sans parler et une femme parle sans reflechir—Tres bien, dit Josephine, vous etes tres spirituel, mais savez-vous la difference entre un miroir et vous? —Non, dit Napoleon, Je ne sais pas—Eh bien! dit Josephine, un miroir est poli, mais vous ne l'etes pas."

Mrs. Bennet after explaining a question to the class): "Is everything perfectly clear now?"

Cornelius: "Yes, everything but the answer."

Senior boys: To pass or not to pass, that is the question.

Senior girls: He loves me, he loves me not.

K. S. '20: "I believe I will kiss you when I go home tonight."

C. C. '21: "Sir, leave this house at once."

If love is blind and lovers cannot seek,  
Why doesn't someone just fall in love with me?

R. H. Burns '21

Son: "Pa, what's the relation between a door and a doormat?"

Pa: "One of them is a step farther."

The following positions are now open to members of P. H. S.  
Applicants will please leave name with Joke Editor before Jan. 15

School Beauty ..... (applicants must have curly hair)

School flirt ..... (almost any of you are qualified for this position)

Walking dictionary ..... (an average of 99 9-10 per cent. requested.)

Nurse for freshmen ..... (please have reliable references)

Can anyone tell us whether or not F. M. '21 intends to apply for assistant janitorship?

**NOBLE-MILNE CO., Inc., PLUMBING, HEATING AND TINNING . . .**

140 Fenn Street, Pittsfield, Mass.

**Psalm of a Review Math. Pupil**

Mr. Sylvester is my teacher; I shall not pass. He maketh me to explain hard propositions, and exposeth my ignorance before the class. He restoreth my sorrow; he causeth me to give rules for my own sake. Yea, though I study until midnight, I shall gain no knowledge, for triangles and originals sorely trouble me. He prepareth a test for me in the presence of the whole school; he giveth me a low grade! My sorrow runneth over: surely sadness and gloom shall follow me all the days of my life, and I shall remain in the geometry class forever.

**Latin**

Of the many lessons that are taught,  
Latin's the one most vainly sought.  
It fills your soul with a joy sublime.  
You wish you'd lived in Caesar's time.

Caesar and Cicero, wondrous men  
Worry us for two years and then  
We meet the Trojans with griefs galore  
And we've to dig for one year more.

Latin will e'er stand fixed in my mind  
As one fine way of killing time  
And I'll always remember and tell  
Of Latin that hangs on so well.

*M. M. G. '20*

## Atherton Furniture Company



### THE NEW EDISON PHONOGRAPH CHRISTMAS CLUB

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## ATHLETICS

## Football

A review of our football season shows that the team scored seven wins out of eight games played, the only loss being to Holyoke. In that game Holyoke made only three first downs. Several times our boys had chances to score only to lose the ball in fumbles which were frequent on both teams because of the wet and slippery condition of the field.

During the season our eleven scored 20 touchdowns against six for the opponents; made 10 goals from touchdowns against three for opponents; and one safety against none for opponents. Of the 20 touchdowns our team made, 16 were made on rushes, two on completed forward passes and two on intercepted forward passes. Of the opponents' six touchdowns, none were made on rushes. Three came from forward passes, two from intercepted passes and one on a fumble behind the line.

"Marsh" Wood was the high scorer with eight touchdowns to his credit. "Pinky" Mangan followed closely with seven and McArthur made four. Rock secured one in the Drury game. In kicking goals from touchdowns, Naughton got six, Mangan three and Burns one. "Marsh" Wood was the most powerful all-around player on the team. He was brilliant both on the offensive and the defense. His principal gains were on skin-tackle plays. "Pinky" Mangan at quarterback was brilliant being strong on the defense and a hard man to stop when he was carrying the ball. He has a faculty of throwing off runners by a partial twist of the body. McArthur at halfback developed into a fine player as the season progressed and shared the backfield honors with Wood and Mangan. He was the man on the spot to intercept forward passes or fall upon the pigskin in case of a fumble. In Sundstrom and "Butch" Naughton we had a crashing pair of tackles but unfortunately Sundstrom received an injury in the Adams game early in the season which kept him out of the remaining games. Gleason took Sundstrom's place and although it was his first year in football, he filled the gap in an A1 manner.

Rock, Fox, Ganley, Garbarino, Musante, Kittridge and Captain Foss each played his position with a spirit bound to bring success and it is through them that such a creditable showing was made.

## Summary of the season's games.

P. H. S.	24	Adams	0
P. H. S.	7	Drury	0
P. H. S.	7	Taconics	0
P. H. S.	19	Dalton	0
P. H. S.	0	Holyoke	20
P. H. S.	14	Dalton	0
P. H. S.	46	Drury	13
P. H. S.	15	Adams	6

P. H. S. 132 Opp. 39

## Individual scorers

	T.	G.	T. S.	Points
Wood	8	0	0	48
Mangan	7	3	0	45
MacArthur	4	0	0	24
Naughton	0	6	1	8
Rock	1	0	0	6
Burns	0	1	0	1

20 10 1 132

The team wishes to give its thanks to Coach Charles Knight in appreciation for his faithful coaching and good advice during the season.

## P. H. S. 46 Drury 13

The football team continued its winning streak by trouncing our ancient rival, Drury High, 46 to 13 on the Common before 2,000 rooters who were given one of the most exciting games, during the first half that has yet been played in the league. The Tunnel City eleven led at half time 13 to 12. Their scores were due to a couple of flukes and they were the first team to cross our goal this season. Drury received the kick-off and Mangan gained possession of the ball when there was a fumble. Line plunges by "Marsh" Wood and MacArthur brought the ball to the 15 yard line where "Pinky" Mangan circled the end for the first score. After receiving the kickoff, Drury punted and Mangan was downed close to our goal. On the next play there was a fumble and Erickson, the Drury right tackle, fell on the ball for a touchdown. Our team received the kickoff and the ball was rushed to the 10 yard line where "Marsh" Wood wiggled his way through for another tally. P. H. S. got the ball on the 30 yard line by downs and tried a pass which was intercepted by Lobo, who ran 20 yards for a touchdown. The score at the end of the first half was in Drury's favor, 13 to 12.

In the second half, Drury was wiped off their feet by one of the greatest exhibitions of an offensive that our team has yet put up. Touchdowns came hot and heavy, Wood, Rock, MacArthur and Mangan all contributing. Drury made no headway whatsoever when she did gain possession of the pigskin in the second half, they didn't even make a first down. The work of Musante, Kittridge and Capt. Foss was prominent.

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## The line-up

P. H. S.	D. H. S.
Ganley	l.e.
Naughton	l.t.
Gleason	l.g.
Foss (Capt.)	c.
Kittridge	r.g.
Musante	r.t.
Fox	r.e.
Mangan	q.b.
MacArthur	l.h.b.
Rock	r.h.b.
Wood	f.b.
Clark	r.e.
Erickson	r.t.
Nagle	r.g.
Millard	c.
Campbell	l.g.
Westcott	l.t.
Dickie	l.e.
Bakey	q.b.
Lobo	r.h.b.
Pollard	l.h.b.
Jayne	f.b.

Score P. H. S. 46—D. H. S. 13. Substitutions, P. H. S. Burns for Naughton. D. H. S. McCann for Clark, Clark for Campbell. Touchdowns, Wood 3, MacArthur 2, Mangan, Rock, Erickson, Lobo. Goals from touchdown, Naughton 3, Burns, Lobo. Referee, Charles Steward, Colgate. Umpire, Joe Martin. Time, 12 minute periods.

**P. H. S. 14 Dalton 0**

P. H. S. football team defeated their sister town rivals 14 to 0 in a hard fought game at Pine Grove Park, Dalton, Saturday, capturing the Berkshire County High School Pennant. The crowd in attendance was one of the largest at a gridiron event in Dalton in years. P. H. S. having a large cheering section on hand to encourage their warriors to victory. Dalton also had a big cheering squad. In the first quarter the Dalton team received the kickoff and carried it to our 25 yard line and after trying some plunges through our line were forced to punt. Wood received the ball and returned it to their 40 yard line. Plunges by Mangan, MacArthur and Wood brought the pigskin to the five yard line where the ball was lost on downs. Our team scored in the second quarter when Mangan hurled a pass to Wood, netting 15 yards and the first touchdown. Naughton kicked the goal from a difficult angle. There was no scoring in the third quarter; P. H. S. receiving the kickoff and after trying the opponents' line resorted to the air route, the pass being intercepted by a Dalton buck. The fourth quarter brought another touchdown to our team. Mangan punted and the ball was fumbled. Ganley, our star wing man, was on the job and fell on it. On the next play, "Pinky" Mangan skirted end for 10 yards and a touchdown. Naughton kicked the goal. Gleason and Fox showed up well.

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## The line-up

P. H. S.	D. H. S.
Ganley	l.e.
Naughton	l.t.
Gleason	l.g.
(Capt.) Foss	c.
Kittridge	r.g.
Musante	r.t.
Fox	r.e.
Mangan	q.b.
MacArthur	l.h.b.
Rock	r.h.b.
Wood	f.b.
Depew	r.e.
L. Connors	r.t.
McMaster	r.g.
Woodlock	c.
Adams	l.g.
Price	l.t.
Mansir	l.e.
D. Connors	q.b.
Boakes	r.h.b.
J. Connors	l.h.b.
LaMountain	f.b.

The score—P. H. S. 14, Dalton 0. Touchdowns, Wood, Mangan. Goals from touchdowns, Naughton 2. Substitutions, Mansir for Adams, D. Connors for Mansir, Gilbert for D. Connors. Referee, Goldstein. Umpire, Stowell. Headlinesman, R. Logan. Time, four 10 minute periods.

**H. H. S. 20 P. H. S. 0**

Our football team suffered the first defeat of the season on Armistice Day at the hands of the speedy Holyoke High eleven by a score of 20 to 0. The game was played on the Beech street grounds in Holyoke and in spite of the rainy weather, about 2,000 fans turned out to see the contest, including many from this city. The paper city eleven rolled up their 20 points in the first quarter, but from then on, our boys did some great offensive work, the backs plugging the opponents line for big gains and bringing the ball within scoring distance several times only to lose it on fumbles which were numerous on both sides owing to the slippery and muddy condition of the field. The Holyoke team scored two of their touchdowns by forward passes which they learned to execute perfectly. Turcotte, the Captain of the Holyoke eleven, was the individual star of the game, he getting 18 out of the 20 points scored by his team. For our team, the work of MacArthur, Mangan and Wood were of the best, while Rock showed up well on the defensive. Our team received splendid treatment and certainly appreciate it.

## The line up:

H. H. S.	P. H. S.
Turcotte (Capt.)	l.e.
Shaw	r.e.
Moore	l.t.
Moynihan	r.t.
H. Kinley, Kirpatrick	l.g.
Sullivan, R. Kinley	c.
Fox	r.g.
Musante, Garbarino	l.g.
Kittridge	c.
Foss (Capt.)	l.t.
Gleason	Naughton

Rose, Chevalier, Ducharme	r.e.	l.e.	Ganley
O'Neal	q.b.	q.b.	Mangan
Merriman	l.h.b.	r.h.b.	Rock
Bausch, McClellan	t.h.b.	l.h.b.	MacArthur
Lyons, Chevalier	f.b.	f.b.	Wood

Score, Holyoke 20, P. H. S. 0. Touchdowns, Turcotte 3. Goals from touchdowns, Merriman 2. Referee, Madden of Amherst. Umpire, O'Neill of U. of P. Headlinesman, Schofield of Yale, Time 12 minute periods.

#### P. H. S 15. Adams 6

The P. H. S. football team closed its season Saturday on the Common by a win over the strong Adams High eleven. In spite of the cold weather a large crowd was on hand to watch the contest, which was one of the hardest fought battles of the season. The game opened with Adams High on the defense. "Marsh" Wood received the kickoff and ran it back to the 35 yard line. Then straight line plunges by "Pinky" Mangan, MacArthur and Wood brought the pigskin to the 10 yard line. Wood was sent over in the next rush for the first tally. Naughton failed to kick the goal. Another march down the field put the ball on the opponents' 5 yard line where it was lost on downs. A bad pass to Thompson, the Adams quarterback, made it necessary for him to grab up the ball and run from behind his own goal line but he was tackled by Naughton back of the line and a safety added two more to P. H. S.' score making it 8 to 0 at the end of the half. Adams received the kickoff at the beginning of the third quarter but was unable to make any progress, and punted. Mangan returned it to his 30 yard line. P. H. S. then tried the air route but the Adams fullback intercepted a forward pass and ran for a touchdown. An attempt at a goal failed. P. H. S. made its other touchdown in the last quarter when Mangan received the kickoff on his 20 yard line where he was downed. He then punted 30 yards. Adams found that it was useless to attempt to plug our line so they tried a pass which Wood pulled down and gained 8 yards. P. H. S. started down the field, the Adams team unable to stop the rushes of Mangan, Wood and MacArthur which were anywhere from 8 to 9 yards at a time. Mangan took the pigskin over from the 8 yard line. Naughton kicked one of the prettiest goals of the season from a very difficult angle. At the close of the game, Adams had possession of the ball in the center of the field making very slow progress.

The line ups:

P. H. S.	Adams		
Ganley	l.e.	r.e.	Schoelzel
Naughton	l.t.	r.t.	Martin
Gleason	l.g.	r.g.	Royal
Capt. Foss	c.	c.	Adams
Kittridge	r.g.	l.g.	Whitting

Musante, Garbarino	r.t.	l.t.	Foster
Fox	r.e.	l.e.	Weston
Mangan	q.b.	q.b.	Thompson
MacArthur	l.h.b.	r.h.b.	Wagenknecht
Rock	r.h.b.	l.h.b.	Fasce
Wood	f.b.	.b.	Supernant

Score, P. H. S. 15, Adams 6. Substitutions, Garbarino for Musante; Adams, Wilks for Whitting. Touchdowns, Mangan, Wood and Supernant. Safety, Thompson. Goal from touchdown, Naughton. Referee, Keeney. Umpire, Lincoln. Time, 4-10 minute periods.

#### Athletic Notes

The following players will receive their "P's"—Capt. Foss, "Pinky" Mangan, "Marsh" Wood, "Red" Fox, "Fly" Ganley, "Butch" Naughton, "Peannt" Garbarino, "Fat" Kittridge, "Locomotive" Gleason, "Boob" Musante, "Ken" Semple, "Kid" Rock, "Speedway" MacArthur and Coach Knight.

"Dil" Garbarino, a graduate of the 1919 Class has taken a position at the G. E. Works. He played on the varsity baseball football and basketball teams and always gave a good account of himself.

Harold Gleason alias "Locomotive", our husky tackle has gone to Springfield where he is attending the Central High School. Hope to hear from him on the gridiron next season.

Wallace Mattoon didn't miss one game that P. H. S. played this season. Even if he has graduated, he still has the old school spirit.

"Pinky" Mangan, "Marsh" Wood and "Red" Fox played on the different city league football teams and as usual played great games.

The all-star College football team that opposed the All-star Pittsfield team had several former P. H. S. players in the lineup. MacArthur, Weltman, Bloom and Miller.

The High School football critics of Western Massachusetts have picked three all-star teams on which our School is represented by the following players. Naughton was chosen as the all-star tackle of the first team, while Wood was picked as the all-star fullback on the third team. "Pinky" Mangan was also picked as the all-star quarterback of the same team.

## BASKETBALL

Now that the football season has passed and such a remarkable showing was made let us turn our attention to basketball and make a success of that as we have of football. Success is bound to come if each student will cooperate with the players and form a big cheering squad as was done at the football games. What was the result of your cooperation during the football season? P. H. S. came out as the *undefeated* Champions of Berkshire County and such will be the results of the basketball season if each and everyone will do his share. The material for the team is plentiful and the following veterans will be eligible: "Marsh" Wood, "Butch" Naughton, Carl Hunt, "Pinky" Mangan, "Red" Fox, "Fly" Canley and "Bob" Dillon. Charles Knight of the faculty, will probably be secured to coach the team and he has a past record at coaching basketball which is the envy of the other coaches. He has put out very successful teams in the past and developed a great number of stars of which the following are some: Crippa, Fasce, Britt, Martin, Weltman, Minsky and Goldstein.

This season a two year plan was arranged by which P. H. S. has two games at home with both Drury and Adams this year, but will play two games away from home with these teams next year. P. H. S. plays but one game at home this year with Dalton but will have Dalton here for two games during the 1920-1921 season. Games are pending with Williams Freshmen, Holyoke High and Northampton High.

The complete Basketball Schedule is as follows:—

December	6	Drury at Pittsfield
	12	Pittsfield at Union College
	20	Searles at Pittsfield
	26	Pittsfield at Dalton
January	3	Pittsfield at Northampton
	10	Adams at Pittsfield
	13	Pittsfield at Lenox
	16	Pittsfield at Adams
	24	Dalton at Pittsfield
	30	Pittsfield at Dalton
February	7	Adams at Pittsfield
	13	Pittsfield at Drury
	18	Lenox at Pittsfield
	21	Union College at Pittsfield
March	3	St. Joseph's at Boys' Club
	6	Drury at Pittsfield
	9	St. Joseph's at F. M. T. A.
	12	Pittsfield at Searles

## Students' Activities

There are in this school several organizations, which are interested enough in their work to let the other students know something of their activities. If you belong to a group of students which is doing some special work, let us know about it. Don't let yourselves be considered totally "dead."

### Current Events and Travel Club

The first meeting of the Current Events and Travel Club was held Thursday, October 2, in Room 10. Five members entered the Club, which was organized under the direction of Mrs. Bennett. The next week a constitution was adopted, and the following officers were elected: Miss Hickey, President; Mr. Hynes, Vice-President; Miss Kahl, Treasurer; Miss Hodgman, Chairman of the Program Committee; and Miss Hunt, Secretary. A discussion of the steel strike, information on The Treaty of Peace, and the history of The Longfellow, Burbank and Goodrich Homes, were the main topics of the next three meetings. At the last meeting, Miss Kahl read a diary of her brother's, telling about his trip to France, and the dangers of attack by submarines during the voyage. The diary was very interesting and pictured clearly the thrilling adventures some of our soldiers experienced during the War. Many more interesting meetings of the Club will be held, and other topics of interest will be discussed in the future.

Ruth C. Hunt, Secretary

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**Y. M. C. A. Notes**

On Tuesday, November twenty-fifth, the Hi-Y Club held a dance in the banquet hall. Needless to say it was the finest kind a of dance and a very enjoyable time was spent. Consequently, the early closing hour was regretted by all. Becker had charge of the fine music.

As soon as a little "fleecy rain" descends, it is expected to have skiing, snowshoeing, and sleighrides. Watch for some fun! The next meeting of the Club is to be held soon, and new members are always welcome.

The "Stringed Instrument Club" which is to be formed in the near future, should prove intensely interesting provided enough players are secured.

**Debating Club**

The Young Men's Debating Club has gotten up steam and is tearing along the track of knowledge at a surprising pace.

Under engineer Hopper, and conductor Burke, debates are held regularly and the new members are fast becoming as capable as the old.

Though the club lacks the fiery speakers of last year, it does not want for good speakers and if you wish to become one, join us.

We have had in the last few weeks, debates on the "Coal Strike," "Police Strike," "Philippine Islands," "League of Nations," "Sunday Sports" and "Shantung."

Searles has accepted our invitation to join a debating league but Drury apparently is undecided and has to date, failed to reply to an invitation. Nevertheless, we are going to have a debating league and steps are being taken to get another school to join.

We now have 46 members. The room will hold more. Help us fill it by coming.

*Henry L. Barber, Secretary*

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**Electrical Club Notes**

Having spent some time in reviewing fundamentals of electricity, the club will now proceed to discuss "high frequency over". Magnetism and static electricity have so far been the chief objects of study. The structure of the various cells has been thoroughly explained, as has also the result obtained by connecting cells in series.

*A Rosenbaum, Secretary*

**Senior A Notes**

The February class of '20 spent a very enjoyable evening at a club house on the New Lenox road. The house was obtained through friends of the class, and the kindness is greatly appreciated. Dancing and games were fully enjoyed until eleven, the general closing hour of our "dignified" (?) seniors. Miss Peaslee, Miss Wells, and Mr. and Mrs. Anderson, acted as chaperones, being a decided addition to the group. As usual, Messrs. MacArthur and Harding, famous singers (?) and comedians, furnished a generous share of the entertainment. When the S. A.s fail to have a good time, or to provide one,—watch out!

Of late, the entertainment committee has been taking a well earned rest as there has been a sufficient number of outside affairs to break the monotony of school work.

**Senior B Notes**

Dancing is getting to be the favorite pastime of the hours. We dance at home, in the office, in school, and at the dance hall. Thus, on Monday evening, the twenty-fourth of November, the Senior B Class held a dance in the town hall of Lanesboro. Transportation for some was furnished by those who had cars, while the rest had to be contented with the service of the Berkshire Street Railway Company. Miss Bates, Miss Keaney, and Mr. Keaney chaperoned the pleasure seekers. Foss' orchestra furnished music from eight to twelve. Those joy physicians certainly had the dancers hypnotized. was great pleasure for those seated to watch the participants of the square dances gracefully swaying about. Everyone stated that they enjoyed the evening immensely. For proof of this see Mr. Keaney.

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## STUDENT'S PEN

29

### JUNIOR A. NOTES

Everybody look! Don't faint! It's true! The Junior A's had a class meeting! Where? Nobody knows. When? Nobody seems to know, in spite of the fact that a strange unsigned notice was on the boards. Who are the officers? We all want to know. Oh dear, another Miss Turry.

The 3 A class has certainly kept our overworked reporters guessing, and they're still at it.

#### Commercial High Notes

Miss Downes attended the English Teachers' Convention held in Springfield on December 6.

A large number of the Senior Class B, of this building attended the Barn Dance in the Lanesboro Town Hall, November 24.

Raymond Quinn, a former member of the school, is now employed in the Test Department of the local General Electric Company.

Paul Auger, a former member of this school, and star twirler on last year's nine, has not returned to school. He has secured a position at the Agricultural Bank.

Miss Elizabeth Stridsberg has accepted a position for afternoons at the Berkshire Manufacturing Company.

The Misses Merk, Dansereau, Stridsberg and Maloy motored to Springfield to attend the demobilization of troops at Forest Park.

Miss Pelton spent the Holiday vacation at her home in Springfield, Mass.

Miss Mangan was the guest of Miss O'Brien, the typewriting teacher, at the latter's home in Ware, Mass., for the Holiday vacation.

The winners of Typewriting awards for November are.:

Irene Merk	Remington	25.5
Harold Sisson	"	28.7
Richard Baer	"	25.4
Mary Yoss	"	25.5
Elizabeth Stridsberg		42.0
Harriet Bly	"	25.7
Annie R. Cheyne	"	26.9
Elizabeth Stridsberg Underwood		42.6
Zelda Saul	"	43.3

Miss Downes claims to have started a menagerie at the Commercial building. She has among her pupils Baer, Fox, Wolfe, Lyons, and has memories of Katz.

**Note**

Due to some mistake on the part of the printers, the alumni notes and the exchange column were left out of the Thanksgiving issue. Frank Shields says that we left out the best part of the paper, Miss Carey agrees with him. We do not doubt this statement a bit. But we will try to make up for last month's mistakes in this issue.

**Alumni Column**

Jack Ward and James Woolrich students at R. P. I., spent the Thanksgiving holidays at their homes. Richard Gaul, a student at Holy Cross, and John Alberts of Williams were also home for the holidays.

The Misses Sheridan, Meehan and Eagen, students at Westfield Normal and Miss Enright, a student at Salem Normal, were home for the holidays.

There was a football game on Thanksgiving day between a group of college stars and a picked Pittsfield High School graduates on both teams. These men were on the college stars, Weltman, MacArthur, and Miller; on the Pittsfield team, Crippa, Fasce, Minsky, Welch, Miller, Sundstrom, St. James and Britt. The game was a fine one despite the poor condition of the field and ended with the score of six to six.

Keith Pierce is a candidate for the Freshman crew at Harvard.

Dan Martin is playing in the backfield of the fast Syracuse University eleven.

Walter Zink is playing a brilliant game at quarterback for Amherst College. Walter not only runs the team well but is recognized as a power both as an offensive and as a defensive back.

Dillon Garbarino has taken a position at the General Electric Company.

The Misses Estelle and Margaret Kevlin have left Pittsfield and are now residing in Philadelphia. They are attending Temple University in that city.

An All-Pittsfield eleven composed largely of former P. H. S. players has been organized and will play Saturday games for the next month and a half. Former P. H. S. players on this team are Crippa, Lincoln, Minsky, Fasce, Calderilla, Welch, Miller and Stewart.

James Meehan has entered Catholic University at Washington, D. C.

*Frank J. Shields*

**Exchanges**

*The Student's Pen* acknowledges the receipt of the following exchanges:

*Williams Record*, Williamstown.—An interesting paper, especially to those planning to enter this or similar institutions.

*The Criterion*, Bridgeport, Conn.—Excellent school spirit shown in this paper.

*The Beacon*, Boston College.—Contains an unusually good literary department.

*Crimson and White*, Albany, N. Y.—Jokes and stories are very good.

All of these papers are very interesting and entertaining. They will be loaned to students on application to the exchange editor.

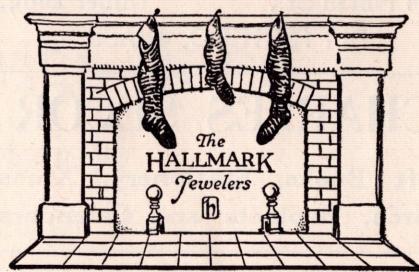
We are anxious to enlarge our exchange department, and would be glad to exchange with other school papers.

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**Merry Christmas**

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**Christmas Issue December, 1919**